



# The Mysterious Roommate



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## Chapter 1 by Audrey

Jamie sighed as she walked down the street. She looked up to read a sign that said Nema Street. After glancing down at the paper in her hand she looked back up at the sign. Yep that was the street her apartment complex was supposed to be on. Now she just had to find the apartment complex. Jamie swore that her suitcase was going to tear her arm off. It was so heavy, but what can you expect when you're moving to a new town. Jamie had two weeks to move into Kodu apartments and get settled before her college classes would start. She was attending Lebal College. It was far away from home, and wasn't well known for the wonderful education one could obtain there. The only reason Jamie was attending said college was because her father had gone to it many years ago. When they had went there to go check it out he had said it was nothing like he remembered. Plus none of her friends were going to this college. So here she was in a totally unfamiliar town with no one to talk to. Just great.

Finally Jamie found Kodu apartments. She strolled into Kodu apartments and picked up her key. She began to trudge over to the elevator to go to the right floor. Her room number was 209 and was on the third floor. Jamie was seriously in the mood to kill something. How could her parents throw her out into an unfamiliar town with no one to help her get on and not even give her a car. They said she could take the bus everywhere. They also said that going to this college was a good idea. Her parents had been full of the most retarded ideas lately.

Jamie opened to door to her new temporary home. It was small, but perfectly fine for a couple people. The landlady said she was going to have a roommate eventually, but she had no idea who yet. Jamie asked that she would try to get a female roommate. She didn't want to handle

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Jamie woke up at one in the morning. She looked around. The lights were off and her suitcase was propped up leaning against the wall. She looked down to see there was a blanket covering her. So her roommate must have already moved in. Weird the landlady didn't say anything... Unless it was a robber! Jamie scrambled to her large suitcase. Throwing everything out all over the floor she dug into her suitcase to find her chef knife she brought. It was officially there for cooking, but the truth is she didn't even know how to cook. She had brought it for cases just like this. Jamie crept around her room holding the knife close to her. This robber was going to paaaaa... wait a second. Why would a robber try to rob her? The best thing she owned was some cheap laptop. Plus everything was (currently on the floor) in her suitcase. Why the heck would a robber just nicely put her luggage to the side, give her a blanket, and turn the lights off? No, this must be something much more devious than any petty thief. Her apartment room must be haunted. YES! The only reasonable explanation had been reached. Everything made sense it was getting close to Halloween (it was like three months away) after all. Yes a ghost must be it.

Jamie looked down at her knife and realized that it wouldn't do much good against the ghost. Well as they say when there is something strange in your neighborhood you got to call the ghostbusters. The only problem with calling the ghostbusters is that they never actually said their phone number in the song. Wonder how they even get business when they don't give out their phone number. Jamie knew exactly what was going to happen next. She hadn't watched all the Paranormal Activities for nothing. Her intentions were originally to show that she wasn't scared of those movie which turns out she was, but now she knew exactly what was going to happen. Ha ha ghosts looks like she had gotten them beat.

Unfortunately no one ever beat the ghost in the Paranormal Activities movies. Or even came close. Gosh dang it she was screwed. Then the enlightenment came that maybe it wasn't a ghost who messed around with her stuff. It could be very possible that her landlady just forgot to tell her that her roommate moved in. Jamie wondered who her roommate could possibly be. She better be nice whoever it was. If it was a she. The landlady said it could be very possible that her roommate would have to be a guy. Jamie was pleading that she would have a roommate because she wouldn't be able to pay for rent by herself. Her roommate must be so kind to move

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Jamie fell asleep about two seconds later. The next time she woke up it was seven in the morning. Jamie glanced around at the room that was a mess last time she was conscious. Jamie scampered over to the suitcase and curiously opened it up. Now all her personal items that she had thrown on the floor were now folded and placed in her suitcase again. She also noted that her weapon of defense had been safely laid on top of her items. Jamie glared at how perfect everything was. She also remembered that when she had woken up the blanket was on top of her again. The mystery person struck again! She sighed as she realized that now she would have to eat breakfast, and the only food items she brought were easy mac cups. Her cooking talent wasn't anything beyond that. Who even had macaroni and cheese for breakfast? She now suddenly wished she had actually learned how to make something. Then she glanced at the small kitchen counter to see a frying pan that had some scrambled eggs in it. Jamie scooted over to check out the contents of the frying pan. It was about half full. There was a sticky note by the pan that said "help yourself". Jamie glanced around the room. So the mystery roommate (who might be a ghost or a robber) could cook, and was considerate enough to cook her some as well. After poking it a couple times Jamie decided it was edible and warmed it up in the microwave. Even if this person was considerate she still didn't trust whoever this person/robber/ghost was.

After eating the not poisoned breakfast (good sign) Jamie went out to check out the town and possibly look for a job. Jamie had some money to last her for a little while, but college was expensive. Her parents paid for some of it, but refused to pay for all of it. They were stubborn like that. Jamie didn't actually expect them to pay for college, but it would've been nice. She wasn't exactly sure what she was going to major for yet, but she knew she wanted to do something involving math. Although people often told her she should get into writing because she had a vivid imagination, she hated anything that had to do with words. Reading, writing, and talking were all out of her comfort zone. Of course she had to talk to people to get things done. Sometimes it seemed like everything she tried to avoid was attracted to her.

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